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Popple, standing on the "terrace," with his hands in his pockets and a pipe clenched between his teeth, gazing up at the sky.

"Good day, Sir," said the sailor. "Glad to see yer movin' around. Now if I could on'y figure out the lingo they talk in Pont Aven, I'd swap ideas on the weather with any old character I saw at anchor."

"What is it you want to know, Captain?" said Raymond, hailing the other's presence as a relief from somber thoughts.

"Well, to my thinkin', the weather's goin' to clear. The wind's a trifle steadier, and gone round a point to east'ard. At this time o' year that means a risin' glass an' frost."

"A frost would be more cheerful, certainly, than a gale howling about the chimneys."

"The sea will fall too. A couple of tides should iron it out, an' I'll have a peep at that reef."

"But why?" "Mrs. Carmac's orders, Sir. I'm to spare no expense in searchin' for some boxes an' other oddments."

Raymond turned abruptly, and walked to a garden seat beneath the window of the hotel dining room. He moved with a curious swaying of the legs, as though his knees were unequal to the task of supporting his body.

Popple followed hastily. "W'at's up?" he cried. "Are ye feelin' bad? Been doin' too much, I s'pose?"

"No. It's nothing. Could you—call a maid? If I have a sip of brandy—and rest awhile—the weakness will pass."

The skipper bustled into the hotel and found a waitress. "Cognac—two—queek!" he said, holding up two stubby fingers.

The girl smiled. She understood fully.

"Oui, Monsieur," she said.

But Popple deemed the matter urgent.

"Gentleman eel—vare seek," he insisted.

"Yes, Sir," said the maid, to her hearer's profound surprise. "I've got you. I'll be along before you can say 'knife.'"

"Sink me!" roared Popple. "Here have I been spittin' French all this time, an' you can sling the right stuff at me in that style!"

He received another broad smile, and the linguist vanished. Thenceforth the two held long conversations when they met; but some days elapsed before Popple realized that the chat was rather one-sided. The girl had been taught a few slang phrases by an American artist, which, together with a fairly comprehensive knowledge of the average tourist's requirements, completed her vocabulary.

LORD love a duck, but it's a treat to hear honest English once more!" he said, returning to Raymond, whose pinched face was ghastly yellow. "How are ye now, Sir? Gettin' over it?"

"Yes. I'm not what you would regard as robust, Captain, and Thursday afternoon's experiences placed a severe strain on my powers of resistance. Did you say you expected a frost? The weather is quite mild today, don't you think? Sit down, and join me in a drink when the brandy comes."

"Don't mind if I do, Sir. But are you sure you oughtn't to be in bed?"

"Quite sure. I walked a little too far, and I find these hills trying—that is all. Ah, here comes Marie with the medicine."

"Is that your name—Marie?" inquired Popple, eying the girl admiringly.

"Yes, Sir," and a pair of fine Breton brown eyes sparkled.

"An' very nice too!" said he. "Mighty fetchin' rig the gals have in this part," he went on, pouring out some brandy for Raymond, which the latter drank neat. "They look like so many dandy housemaids got up for a fancy ball. Now, if my old woman could see me makin' googoo eyes at a tasty bit like Marie—well, there'd be a double entry in the family log."

"What's this nonsense that Mrs. Carmac has got into her head about salving certain articles from the Stella?" said Raymond whose voice had regained its normal harshness of tone. Small men usually have strong voices. Your giant of a fellow will pipe in a childish treble.

"Why do you say it's nonsense, Sir?" demanded Popple sharply.

"What else can it be? Salvage, in relation to a yacht pounded to pieces on an exposed reef two days ago! I don't think 'nonsense' too strong a term."

"It wouldn't be if every mortal thing had been bangin' on those rocks ever since. But the Stella was partin' amidships afore we were clear of her. She'd slip over into deep water within a few minutes, an' lie there quiet enough. Anyhow, them's my orders."

Raymond might be cantankerous because of his disablement; but Popple had suddenly remembered that Mrs. Carmac had resented the secretary's earlier interference. Raymond, however, helped to smooth over the difficulty.

"Of course I am only expressing an opin-

ion," he said. "I admit it is not worth much. A little while ago I was speaking to Larraidou, the fisherman whom people here call Peridot, you know, and had I known then of your project I should have asked him what he thought of it."

"The sea is one big mystery, an' that's a fact," said Popple, refilling his pipe, and nodding his head to emphasize a bit of sententious philosophy born of experience. "It'll gobble up a ship, an' you'll never find a scrap of timber or a life belt to tell you what's become of her, an' in the next breath it'll show a thing as plain as though it was writ in a book. A friend of mine, skipper of a Hull trawler, missed a deckhand one day, and no one knew what had become of him. That night they shot the trawl in sixty fathom o' water, an' brought up the man's body. That's w'at the sea can do, Sir. Talk of women bein' fickle. They ain't in it with the most changeable thing on this earth!"

Raymond poured out a second glass of brandy. "At any rate, you'll not recover a dead body from the Stella's wreckage," he said, with a ghastly grin.

"You never can tell," said Popple.

"But, surely, Captain, you don't pretend that the finding of a drowned sailor in a trawl net was other than an accident?"

"That's as may be. S'pose some poor wasterel had been charged with knockin' a matey on the head an' chuckin' him overboard. The doctor's evidence would clear him. An' then it would ha been providential."

"I shall refuse to believe that you will retrieve any of the Stella's contents until I see them. Of course I know why Mrs. Carmac is so anxious that the effort should be made. There were thousands of pounds' worth of pearls and diamonds in her jewelcase. One pearl necklace alone cost ten thousand pounds many years ago, and would fetch far more today."

"Queer you should mention that, Sir," commented Popple.

"Why?" The question came with strange eagerness. The prospect of salvage was either fascinating or highly distasteful to Raymond.

"Because that's the one thing I shouldn't expect to come across."

"You are speaking in riddles, Man. What have you in your mind?"

Popple turned a mildly inquiring eye on this testy companion. He thought, "That drop o' spirit has gone the wrong way, my friend." But what he said was, "I was thinkin' of the sea's whims. It'll lude a six-decked liner an' give up a corpse. If Mrs. Carmac was keen set on pickin' up a pair o' scissors, I'd back them to turn up as ag'in' your ten-thousand-pound necklace. Mebbe that's a silly thing to say in this case. Her jools are in a locked box, an' a strong one at that, because I twigged her baggage when it kem aboard, an' the lot was built for hard wear. But there you are! I'll take care she has a look at the stuff we find, an' that ends my job."

"You can count on me, Captain, for all the assistance I can render," said Raymond, and the subject dropped.

BY the way," he went on, adopting the most nonchalant tone he could command, "have you met Mrs. Carmac's niece since we came ashore?"

"Me, Sir? No. Didn't know there was any such young woman."

"You have not been told, then, that Mrs. Carmac found a long-lost niece in Miss Yvonne Ingersoll?"

Popple slapped a stout thigh, and his eyes rounded in surprise. "Sink me! but that explains it!" he cried.

"Explains what?"

"I wondered where I had seen the girl in bib an' tucker afore."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, these here caps an' streamers an' tickle-me aprons do make a heap of difference. Now what in the world will she think of me? I've passed her a dozen times without ever a 'Thank you, Miss,' or a touch of my hat. Dash my buttons! I thought my eyes were sharper'n that. Of course she was wrapped in a sou'wester an' oilskin the other day, an' so was Mrs. Carmac; so I piped the likeness then, an' even spoke of it to Mr. Ingersoll. But I must ha been rattled when I was in Mrs. Carmac's room a bit since. Of course I remember now. That was her, right enough."

"Would you mind telling me what you are rambling about, Captain Popple?"

Popple grinned. "There's a pair of us, Mr. Raymond," he cried. "You don't seem to know much about the lady, either. You met her on the stairs when you went to see Mrs. Carmac, because I happened to notice that she kem down as you went up."

"A girl in Breton costume?"

"That's it. She's lived here since she was



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